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EPISODE TWO

DOCTOR WHO

SERIAL 5R

'THE PLANET THAT SLEPT'

by

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DOCTOR WHO: 'THE PLANET THAT SLEPT' EPISODE TWO

CAST:

DOCTOR  
ROMANA  
K9

VARSH (OUTLER)  
TYLOS ( " )  
KEARA ( " )  
ADRIC  
LOGIN (CITIZEN/DECIDER)  
NEFRED (DECIDER)  
GARIF ( " )  
OMRIL (CITIZEN)  
LEXETER (CITIZEN SCIENTIST)

N/S

MARSH LEADER  
MARSHMEN  
MARSHWOMAN  
OUTLERS  
CITIZENS

\*\*\*\*\*

SETS:

Int. Cave  
Int. Tardis. Control Room  
Int. Login's Quarters  
Int. Starliner Boarding Area  
Int. Starliner. Great Book Room  
Int. Starliner. Passage

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TELECINE

Ext. Marsh  
Ext. Forest

\*\*\*\*\*

Model Shot

Starliner

"DOCTOR WHO"

EPISODE 2: 'The Planet That Slept'

by

Andrew Smith

TELECINE 1:

SUPOSE CAM      Opening  
                    Titles

END TELECINE 1.

TELECINE 2:

Ext. Marsh. Day.

The fog has settled.

The plant-life around  
the marsh has blackened,  
withered and died.

THE DOCTOR picks up  
a plant, it collapses  
in his hand.

THE DOCTOR: Amazing. A  
complete breakdown of the cell  
structure. Perhaps ... de-  
nitrogenised? K9, what do  
you make of this fog?



K9: Unfamiliar composition.  
Initial analysis indicates non-  
toxic.

THE DOCTOR: Non-toxic?

The marsh ripples  
slightly. THE DOCTOR  
spots this.

THE DOCTOR: The marsh. I thought,  
movement.

For a moment, nothing  
happens.

Then, slowly, one by one,  
the MARSHMEN break the  
surface of the marsh,  
horrible half men/half  
beasts mud slithering down  
their faces, mouths gaping  
awfully.

They are very tall, with  
a slight crouch, and with  
large, heavy eyebrows which  
cast shadows over their eyes.

For the moment, they simply  
stand rooted to the spot,  
 chests rising and falling,  
breathing laboriously.

THE DOCTOR starts to  
back away.

A thought occurs to him.

THE DOCTOR: They aren't moving,  
K9.

K9 extends his antenna  
towards the MARSHMEN,  
pauses for an instant.

K9: The observation is correct.

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THE DOCTOR: It's as if they're  
... still forming, come on,  
we'd better get out of sight.

K9: Slow movement is  
advised, master.

THE DOCTOR and K9 move  
into the shrubbery.

THE DOCTOR takes a position  
where he can watch closely.

END TELECINE 2.:

- 3 -



1. INT. CAVE. DAY.

(VARSH IS STANDING BY  
THE WALL, DEEPLY  
PENSIVE, OBVIOUSLY  
CONCERNED.)

TYLOS APPROACHES  
HIM, GLOWERING)

TYLOS: Well ... 'leader'?

VARSH: All right, all right.  
Maybe I was wrong.

(VARSH TURNS TO FACE  
ADRIC, STANDING IN  
THE MIDDLE OF THE  
FLOOR, KEARA AND THE  
GANG NEXT TO HIM)

You'd better not be lying,  
Adric.

ADRIC: They believed me. The  
people in the Tardis. The  
Doctor's gone to the Marsh to  
see for himself.

TYLOS: He could be lying about  
them too.

ADRIC: I'm not.

(HE HOLDS UP THE  
GREEN HOMING DEVICE  
ROMANA GAVE HIM IN  
EPISODE 1)

They gave me this.

(VARSH TAKES IT AND  
LOOKS AT IT  
CURIOUSLY)

VARSH: Just a stone.

ADRIC: It isn't. It's a  
homing device for locating the  
Tardis.

(TYLOS REACHES OVER  
AND TAKES IT FROM  
VARSH.

KEARA HAS BEEN  
LOOKING OUT FROM THE  
MOUTH OF THE CAVE.

SHE COMES BACK TO  
JOIN THE GROUP,  
VISIBLY LESS  
CONFIDENT NOW)

KEARA: They've sealed the  
Starliner.

VARSH: (TO ADRIC) This Tardis.  
It's big, you say.

ADRIC: No, we can't go in  
there.

TYLOS: Why not.

KEARA: We can't stay here.  
The mist's coming in fast.

VARSH: (TO ADRIC, URGENTLY)  
Why not the Tardis.

(HE DRAWS HIS  
KNIFE)

ADRIC: They're peaceful  
people. (cont ...)



(ADRIC SENSES THE  
VIOLENT PANIC  
RISING AMONG THE OUTLERS,  
AND DOESN'T WANT TO WISH  
THAT ON THE DOCTOR AND  
ROMANA.

HE GROPEs FOR  
EXCUSES)

ADRIC: (cont) It's too small.

TYLOS: That's not what you told  
us.

KEARA: You said it was huge  
inside.

ADRIC: I don't think I can  
remember where it is.

(TYLOS HOLDS UP  
THE HOMING DEVICE)

TYLOS: Then it's just as well  
we've got this.



TELECINE 3:

Ext. The Marsh.  
Day.

THE DOCTOR and K9  
watch from the bushes  
as before.

The breathing of the  
MARSHMEN is regularising.

Slowly, unused to this  
environment, their feet  
dragging, they emerge  
from the marsh.

THE DOCTOR: I've seen this  
before. It's like beetles  
coming out of pupation. They  
take time to acclimatise.

ONE of the GROUP picks  
up a long, hefty fallen  
branch which is close at  
hand, wields it with  
authority as his shadowed  
eyes rise up and scans the  
surroundings.

THE DOCTOR: Which they seem to  
be doing rather quickly.

The MARSH LEADER waves  
his arm, then leads the  
MARSHMEN away from the  
marshside. They crash  
through the shrubbery,  
oblivious to any obstacles.  
Soon, they have disappeared  
in the density of the fog.

THE DOCTOR and K9  
emerge from hiding.

THE DOCTOR: Follow them, K9.  
Let me know where they settle.

K9: Understood.

K9 moves off after  
the MARSHMEN.

THE DOCTOR's hair has  
gathered moisture from  
the fog. He gently  
touches his hair with one  
hand, gathering moisture on  
his palm.

The becalmed surface  
of the marsh breaks again,  
and the diminutive figure  
of a MARSHWOMAN rises  
slowly up.

THE DOCTOR looks at his  
palm.

THE DOCTOR: Non-Toxic?

THE DOCTOR looks up,  
to catch a glimpse of  
THE MARSHWOMAN.

For a moment they stare  
at one another.

Then the MARSHWOMAN suddenly  
backs off and ducks down  
into the marsh again.

THE DOCTOR: Yes, well I  
suppose I do look pretty  
frightening.

THE DOCTOR samples the  
moisture on his palm with  
his tongue. It has a tang,  
and he winces. He  
pensively studies the  
flavour.

THE DOCTOR: I must get a sample  
of this back to the Tardis.

END TELECINE 3.



2. INT. TARDIS CONTROL ROOM. DAY.

(ROMANA HAS FINISHED  
REASSEMBLING THE  
CONSOLE, ALL EXCEPT  
THE IMAGE TRANSLATOR  
WHICH SHE IS NOW  
SLIDING BACK INTO  
PLACE)

ROMANA: (TO HERSELF) Negative  
Co-ordinates?

(SHE CONSULTS THE  
WRITING PAD  
COVERED WITH HER  
SCRIBBLES AND BEGINS  
TO ENTER SOME  
CALCULATIONS  
INTO THE CONSOLE.

THERE COME SEVERAL THUDS  
ON THE DOOR.

ROMANA PRESSES THE  
DOOR LEVER, MOVES  
TOWARDS THE DOORS AS  
THEY OPEN)

ROMANA: Doctor, I thought  
you were -

(VARSH, ADRIC, KEARA  
AND TYLOS RUSH IN.

KEARA GRABS ROMANA'S  
ARMS, PINS THEM  
BEHIND HER BACK.

VARSH PUTS HIS  
KNIFE TO ROMANA'S  
THROAT)

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VARSH: We're taking over  
your ship.

(ROMANA GLARES  
AT ADRIC)

- 10 -



3. INT. LOGIN'S QUARTER'S DAY.

(NOT TOO SPACIOUS, THIS  
WAS ONCE A STARLINER  
PASSENGER CABIN.  
NONETHELESS, IT IS  
ORNATELY FURNISHED,  
NEAT AND TIDY.

LOGIN IS SITTING ON  
HIS BUNK, HEAD IN HANDS,  
PENSIVE, SAD.

THE DOOR OPENS,

NEFRED AND GARIF COME  
IN.

LOGIN GETS QUICKLY  
RESPECTFULLY, TO HIS  
FEET)

LOGIN: Deciders.

NEFRED: Have you made up your  
mind?

LOGIN: I have.

NEFRED: You're accepting the  
post?

LOGIN: I am.

GARIF: Good. The analyses  
indicated you were the best  
candidate.

NEFRED: Your daughter?

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LOGIN: Keara ... Keara was a disruptive element.

NEFRED: What is your first concern?

LOGIN: The welfare of the Community.

GARIF: (SMILE) Well done. And welcome, Login. You're a Decider, now.

(FROM THE LOOK ON HIS  
FACE, WE MIGHT DEDUCE  
THAT LOGIN IS LESS  
THAN DELIGHTED)



4. INT. TARDIS CONTROL ROOM. DAY.

(VARSH AND TYLOS  
ARE STANDING BEFORE  
ROMANA, WHO IS  
STILL HELD BY KEARA,  
WHILE ADRIC - A VERY  
TROUBLED ADRIC - AND  
THE GANG WATCH ON)

VARSH: Where is this Doctor?

ROMANA: Probably on his way  
back. And he won't want to  
see any knives around.

(TYLOS STEPS  
FORWARD AND GRABS  
HER FACE, FORCING  
HER TO LOOK  
DIRECTLY AT HIM)

TYLOS: You obviously seem to  
think this is some sort of  
game.

(ROMANA BITES HIS  
FINGER-HARD.

TYLOS JUMPS BACK AND  
RAISES HIS KNIFE)

KEARA: Tylos, watch out!

(BUT IT IS TOO LATE.  
ADRIC HAS COME UP  
BEHIND TYLOS, AND  
NOW GRABS HIM ROUND  
THE THROAT,

VARSH JOINS THE STRUGGLE  
AND SUCCEEDS IN PULLING  
ADRIC AWAY.

TYLOS'S KNIFE CLATTERS  
TO THE FLOOR AT ROMANA'S  
FEET.

ROMANA PICKS IT UP AND  
LOOKS AT IT SCORNFULLY)

ROMANA: I don't know what you  
hope to achieve with this - on  
the Tardis.

(ROMANA WEIGHS THE  
KNIFE IN HER HAND -  
THEN NEATLY TOSSES IT  
BACK TO TYLOS)

None of you will get anywhere  
without my help.

ADRIC: (TO ROMANA) I'm sorry.  
This is my fault.

ROMANA: You all look pretty  
desperate. It's this problem  
with the fog, I suppose.

VARSH: We think it's true  
about Mistfall.

ROMANA: In that case, the  
sooner the Doctor get's back  
the better. In the meantime  
you'd better tell me all -

(BUT SUDDENLY THE  
WHOLE ROOM TILTS TO  
ONE SIDE, THROWING  
THE OCCUPANTS TO THE FLOOR)



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ADRIC: (SHAKEN, TO ROMANA) How  
did you do that?

(THE ROOM JUDDERS  
AGAIN)

ROMANA: I ... I'm not quite  
sure.

- 15 -

TELECINE 4:

Ext. Forest. Day.

The fog is present here, too, the plants are dead.

THE DOCTOR is walking briskly through the trees.

He comes to an abrupt halt, a look of disbelief on his face.

THE DOCTOR: The Tardis ...

We SEE that the spot once occupied by the Tardis is now empty.

THE DOCTOR: It's gone.

THE DOCTOR hurries over to where the Tardis once stood, examines the ground.

THE DOCTOR: Hasn't dematerialised ... the ground has been disturbed.

THE DOCTOR looks up, gazes round.

THE DOCTOR: I've got to find it ... but where do I start?

After a moment's hesitation, he moves off.



A moment later, the  
MARSHWOMAN's hand  
appears, clutching  
the trunk of a tree,  
working round it.

One shadowed eye  
watches THE DOCTOR leave.

END TELECINE 4.

5. INT. TARDIS CONTROL ROOM. DAY.

(THE ROOM IS BEING  
SHAKEN AROUND,  
TILTING FROM ONE  
SIDE TO THE OTHER,  
THROWING EVERYONE  
INTO DISARRAY)

KEARA: Varsh ... Varsh, what's  
happening!

VARSH: (DAZED) I don't know.

ROMANA: Somebody - or  
something - has picked up  
the Tardis. We're being  
carried.



6. THE STARLINER. DAY.

(MODEL SHOT)

THE DOCTOR: (O.O.V) Ah. Now,  
that has distinct possibilities.

7. INT. STARLINER BOARDING AREA. DAY.

(THE AREA IS DESERTED,  
IN SILENCE, THE  
ENTRANCE SEALED.

AFTER A MOMENT, WE  
HEAR A KNOCKING ON  
THE ENTRANCE)

THE DOCTOR: (O.O.V.) (FROM  
BEHIND DOOR) Hello? Hello,  
is there anyone there?  
Hello!

(NO ANSWER.

WE HEAR THE BUZZ  
OF THE SONIC  
SCREWDRIVER BEHIND  
THE ENTRANCE.  
THE DOOR LOCKS ARE  
HEARD TO OPERATE, AND  
THE ENTRANCE OPENS.

FROM OUT OF THE FOG  
BEYOND THE ENTRANCE,  
THE DOCTOR COMES ON  
BOARD. HE POCKETS  
HIS SONIC SCREWDRIVER)

Anyone at home? Anyone?

(HE WAITS FOR A  
REPLY, RECEIVES NONE)

No-one. Hmm. (cont...)

(THE DOCTOR MOVES  
OFF UP THE RAMP  
AND INTO THE SHIP.

WHEN HE HAS GONE,  
ANOTHER FIGURE  
SHUFFLES ON BOARD  
OUT OF THE FOG -  
THE MARSHWOMAN.

THE DOCTOR COMES BACK  
DOWN THE RAMP.

THE MARSHWOMAN  
CONCEALS HERSELF)

THE DOCTOR: (cont) (TO HIMSELF)  
Funny. Brand new ship ...  
deserted.

(HE GOES TO THE  
DOOR AND SWINGS IT  
SHUT AGAIN.

FROM BEHIND COVER  
THE MARSHWOMAN  
WATCHES HIM.

A THOUGHT STRIKES HIM  
AND HE PUTS HIS  
EAR TO THE WALL,  
THEN TO THE FLOOR)

No engine noise. But  
voices ... somewhere ...



8. INT. THE GREAT BOOK ROOM. DAY.

(THE VAST CENTRAL  
REFERENCE ROOM AT  
THE HEART OF THE  
STARLINER.

THE WALLS ARE STEPPED  
WITH GALLERIES THAT  
ACCESS THE ROWS UPON  
ROWS OF MANUALS LINING  
THE CHAMBER.

THE THREE DECIDERS  
ADDRESS THE STARLINER  
COMMUNITY FROM ONE  
SUCH GALLERY)

NEFRED: Even as our ancestors  
journeyed from Teradon, and  
even as our descendants shall  
return there one day, so  
we are once again enclosed  
within our starliner.  
Citizens, we are not of  
this planet, and therefore  
we will lack nothing now we  
have lost it's sun, it's  
waters, it's rich fruits.  
Rather we will redouble our  
efforts towards the Embarkation.

(THE CITIZENS  
MUMBLE ASSENT)

Continue the work of  
Maintenance.

9. THE STARLINER BOARDING AREA.

(THE DOCTOR IS STILL ON  
HIS HANDS AND KNEES.

HE LOOKS UP TO FIND  
THE MARSHWOMAN  
LOOKING AT HIM)

THE DOCTOR: Hello ...  
Haven't I seen you before  
somewhere?

(BUT THE MARSHWOMAN  
TURNS AND RUNS  
INTO THE DARK RECESSES  
OF THE SHIP)

10. INT. TARDIS CONTROL ROOM. DAY.

(SILENCE. NO MOVEMENT.  
THE TARDIS HAS COME  
TO REST.

ROMANA, ADRIC AND  
THE OUTLERS ARE SITTING  
ON THE FLOOR AROUND  
THE CONSOLE, HOLDING  
ONTO THE FIXTURES FOR  
SUPPORT.

THEY LISTEN)

TYLOS: It's stopped.

VARSH: Ssh!

(TYLOS JUMPS UP)

TYLOS: Let's get out of here.

VARSH: We don't know what's  
out there.

TYLOS: Are you afraid?

VARSH: Yes, I am. And so would  
you be if you had any sense.

TYLOS: I'm not staying cooped  
up in here. We're too vulnerable.  
And I don't trust her.

(HE IS POINTING AT  
ROMANA)

ROMANA: Very intelligent of  
you. (cont...)



ROMANA: (cont) And where do you think you're going to go - if this story about the mists is true?

TYLOS: Back to the Starliner. They'll have to let us in.

VARSH: No. We're outlers. We don't belong in there any more.

ROMANA: The all-up weight of the Tardis is about ten times ten to the five kilos in your gravity ...

TYLOS: Huh - science talk. You sound like the Deciders.

VARSH: What does it mean?

ROMANA: Whatever lifted the Tardis must be very strong. Is there any machinery on your planet that could do that?

(VARSH LOOKS  
AT THE OTHERS  
FOR CONFIRMATION)

VARSH: Nothing we know of.

KEARA: The Marshmen!

ADRIC: They're supposed to be like giants.

ROMANA: If it is the Marshmen, and they are hostile, you're all safer in here than outside.

(TYLOS IS IN A DILEMMA)

TYLOS: You're trying to scare us. It may not be the Marshmen. It could be -

ROMANA: A freak wind?  
Well, let's have a look.

(SHE PRESSES THE BUTTON  
THAT ACTIVATES THE SCREEN  
DOORS.

THE OUTLERS TURN TO  
LOOK AT THE SCREEN,  
AND WHAT THEY SEE  
TERRIFIES THEM.

THE SCREEN SHOWS THE  
TARDIS TO BE IN THEIR  
OWN CAVE.

AND THE CAVE IS FULL OF  
MARSHMEN)

11. INT. PASSAGE. DAY.

(TWO CITIZENS ARE QUICKLY DEALING WITH THE INNER WORKINGS OF A WALL ELECTRONICS PANEL, TAKING OUT SOME PIECES OF THE APPARATUS AND THEN PUTTING IN IDENTICAL PIECES.

THEY SECURE THE PANEL, THEN PICK UP THEIR REPAIR KITS AND HURRY OFF TO ANOTHER ASSIGNMENT.

AS THEY DISAPPEAR OUT OF SIGHT AT ONE END OF THE PASSAGE, THE DOCTOR COMES IN AT THE OTHER, WALKING ALONG AT A FAIR PACE.

AFTER WALKING ALMOST THE FULL LENGTH OF THE PASSAGE, THE DOCTOR STOPS ABRUPTLY, FROWNING. HE MOVES BACK A FEW STEPS, PEERS AT THE WALL.

A JAGGED SILVER LINE RUNS RIGHT UP ONE WALL, ACROSS THE CEILING, DOWN THE OTHER WALL AND ACROSS THE FLOOR.

BEHIND THE DOCTOR, THE MARSHWOMAN GAZES PRUDENTLY, AS CONCEALED AS POSSIBLE, AT HIM FROM AROUND THE CORNER.



THE DOCTOR REACHES  
OUT TO TOUCH THE  
SILVER LINE)

THE DOCTOR: Welded ... A  
massive repair. Now what ...?

(A COMMOTION BREAKS  
OUT BEHIND THE DOCTOR  
AND HE TURNS ROUND.

OMRIL AND TWO CITIZENS  
HAVE GRABBED THE  
MARSHWOMAN AND ARE  
STRUGGLING FURIOUSLY  
WITH HER AS SHE  
THRASHES AROUND,  
WHIMPERING AND WHINING,  
SUBMISSIVE MORE THAN  
AGGRESSIVE.

OUTRAGED, THE DOCTOR  
STRIDES TOWARDS THEM)

What do you think you're doing?

(THE DOCTOR ANGRILY  
KNOCKS OMRIL AND  
THE CITIZENS AWAY,  
HOLDS THE MARSHWOMAN  
PROTECTIVELY)

There's no need to treat her  
like that - can't you see you've  
terrified her?

OMRIL: What do you mean? It's  
an animal, not a person! Wait  
... you're a stranger. How did  
you get on board?

THE DOCTOR: Through the door.

OMRIL: You unsealed the en-  
trance?!

THE DOCTOR: I sealed it up  
again. I try to leave things  
as I find them.

(THE TWO CITIZENS  
GRAB THE DOCTOR AND  
THE MARSHWOMAN)

OMRIL: I think the Deciders  
will want to talk to you.

THE DOCTOR: The Deciders?  
Adric said something about them.

OMRIL: Come on.

(THEY MOVE OFF. THE  
MARSHWOMAN WHIMPERS  
QUIETLY)

THE DOCTOR: (TO MARSHWOMAN)  
Don't worry. You'll be quite  
safe with me.

(THEY GO ROUND  
THE CORNER)

I hope.

12. INT. THE GREAT BOOK ROOM. DAY.

(THE ROOM IS IN  
TOTAL DARKNESS.

AFTER A MOMENT,  
DOUBLE DOORS OPEN  
AND SOME LIGHT  
FROM BEYOND THEM  
SPILLS IN.

OMRIL AND THE CITIZENS  
BRING IN THE DOCTOR  
AND THE MARSHWOMAN.

NEFRED, GARIF AND  
LOGIN ARE PRESENT,  
IN GALLERIES ON THE  
OPPOSITE SIDE OF  
THE ROOM, BUT THE  
DARKNESS MAKES THEM  
EFFECTIVELY INVISIBLE)

NEFRED'S VOICE: What's this?

OMRIL: Intruders, Decider.  
(INDICATES THE DOCTOR) This  
one unsealed the entrance.

LOGIN'S VOICE: He what?

GARIF'S VOICE: That creature.  
A Marshcreature

OMRIL: She's docile. Totally  
harmless.

NEFRED'S VOICE: Is she now ...?  
How can we be sure.



GARIF: Take her to Lexeter.  
He's waited a long time to  
examine one of those.

THE DOCTOR: No, leave her alone.

NEFRED: She will not be  
harmed.

LOGIN: Citizen Lexeter is a  
man of science.

(OMRIL AND THE CITIZENS  
LEAVE WITH THE MARSH  
WOMAN. THE DOORS  
CLOSE BEHIND THEM.

A CIRCLE OF LIGHT  
COMES ON, ILLUMINATING  
THE DOCTOR.)

THE DOCTOR: Could we have  
some lights here, no. Or is  
there a power cut?

(A MOMENT, THEN NEFRED  
APPEARS IN A CIRCLE  
OF LIGHT, THEN GARIF,  
THEN LOGIN.

EACH DECIDER OCCUPIES  
A SEPARATE GALLERY)

NEFRED: I am Nefred.

GARIF: I am Garif.

LOGIN: And I am Login.

NEFRED: We have questions to  
put to you ...

13. INT. CAVE. DAY.

(THE TARDIS IS STANDING  
BY ONE WALL.

THE MARSH LEADER,  
WATCHED BY THE OTHER  
MARSHMEN, IS BANGING  
ON THE TARDIS DOOR WITH  
HIS CLUB, TRYING TO  
FORCE AN ENTRY.  
FURIOUS, HE ATTACKS IT  
ONCE MORE AND THEN  
GIVES UP.

THE SOUND OF K9'S  
DRIVE ALERTS THE  
MARSHMEN. THEY  
LOOK TOWARDS THE  
ENTRANCE.

K9 COMES TRUNDLING  
IN, STOPS IN THE MIDDLE  
OF THE FLOOR. THE  
MARSHMEN GATHER ROUND  
HIM, GRUNTING THEIR  
PERPLEXITY. THE  
MARSH LEADER STANDS  
IN FRONT OF HIM,  
HIS CLUB AT THE  
READY)

K9: Do not be afraid. I am  
non-hostile, operating in data  
acquisition mode.

(THE MARSH LEADER LIFTS  
HIS CLUB AND SWINGS  
IT FURIOUSLY AT K9,  
CUTTING HIM OFF.

K9'S TORN-OFF HEAD  
ROLLS ACROSS THE CAVE  
FLOOR)

13A. INT. TARDIS CONTROL ROOM. DAY.

(ROMANA HAS BEEN  
WATCHING THIS ON  
THE SCANNER)

ROMANA: Oh! K9.

ADRIC: That was your computer.

ROMANA: Still is, I hope.  
He can be repaired. In fact  
we always seem to be repairing  
him.

VARSH: They're senseless,  
these creatures.

TYLOS: Mindless violence.

ROMANA: You're an authority on  
that, of course.

TYLOS: At least we had a pur-  
pose - a plan.

ROMANA: What makes you think  
they haven't. They seem to  
be intelligent to me.

VARSH: Beating on the door  
with clubs?

ROMANA: Whatever they were  
trying to do didn't work so  
they've modified their behaviour.



VARSH: What are they up to, then.

ROMANA: I can't work it out.

TYLOS: They're trying to kill us.

ROMANA: No, that doesn't make sense. They probably don't even realise there's anyone in here. To them the Tardis is just a big boulder, or something.

KEARA: They must know we're in here. Why did they choose this cave?

VARSH: Yes, why our cave. There are dozens of others.

ROMANA: Why did you choose this cave?

TYLOS: Us?

VARSH: To keep an eye on the starliner, of course.

KEARA: It looks straight down into the valley.

ROMANA: Of course!

ADRIC: (SUDDENLY) The momentum!

(HE AND ROMANA LOOK  
AT EACH OTHER, BOTH  
STRUCK BY THE SAME  
THOUGHT)

ROMANA: Exactly.

ADRIC: If the Tardis is as heavy as you say.

VARSH: What is it? What momentum.

ROMANA: Accelerating down the slope - how far Adric?

ADRIC: Say five thousand meters.

ROMANA: (LOOKING AT THE OTHERS) I think we may be about to become a battering ram. To smash in the Starliner.

(CONSTERNATION)

14. INT. THE GREAT BOOK ROOM. DAY.

(NEFRED, GARIF AND  
LOGIN LOOK DOWN FROM  
ON HIGH UPON THE  
DOCTOR)

NEFRED: Decider Draith?  
You witnessed his death.

THE DOCTOR: You don't seem  
to be hearing me very well from  
up there. Look, I'm sure this  
ceremonial stuff is all very  
impressive to the general  
public, but it's beginning to  
get on my nerves. Can't we  
go somewhere more intimate?  
Some little football pitch,  
perhaps?

GARIF: You will answer the  
questions, Doctor.

LOGIN: Decider Draith?

THE DOCTOR: Decider Draith was  
dragged into the marsh.  
What have they got against you,  
these Marshmen?

GARIF: We are investigating  
that question.

NEFRED: They seem to resent  
our presence as aliens.

THE DOCTOR: Why can't people be nice to each other for a change. I mean, I'm an alien. You don't want to drag me into a marsh, do you. Or do you?

GARIF: How do you know this about Decider Draith if you did not witness the event?

THE DOCTOR: I had a reliable eyewitness account. And when I visited the scene of the crime -

LOGIN: You went to the marsh?

THE DOCTOR: Yes.

LOGIN: But the mists? How could you breathe?

THE DOCTOR: An odd smell, certainly. But definitely non-toxic.

LOGIN: Non-toxic?

(GARIF AND NEFRED  
LOOK AT EACH  
OTHER, AND THEN  
AT LOGIN



GARIF: We allow the citizens to think the mists themselves are dangerous.

NEFRED: It helps speed the gathering into the starliner.

LOGIN: But, if that is so -

NEFRED: (SHARPLY) It is for the good of the community.

LOGIN: Then my daughter may still be alive.

GARIF: For the moment, yes.

NEFRED: That is a theoretical possibility, Decider Login.

(CHASTENED, DECIDER  
LOGIN REMAINS SILENT)

THE DOCTOR: Fairly primitive form of government, isn't it? Rule by fear. With the Deciders doing all the deciding.

NEFRED: We do not enforce our decisions, Doctor.

GARIF: We simply announce them and they are followed.

(LEXETER COMES IN)

NEFRED: Well, Citizen Lexeter. You've examined the Marsh creature?

LEXETER: Nothing. No aggression, none of the characteristic traits.

THE DOCTOR: Quite friendly, I thought.

LEXETER: Quite. The specimen is useless.

DOCTOR: Depends on your point of view.

LEXETER: I am speaking scientifically.

THE DOCTOR: So am I.

LEXETER: You're a scientist?

THE DOCTOR: Nice to meet you.

(HE SHAKES LEXETER  
WARMLY BY THE HAND)

Useless, you say? Would you care for a second opinion?

15. INT. TARDIS CONTROL ROOM. DAY.

(ROMANA IS PREPARING  
TO DEMATERIALISE THE  
TARDIS.

THE OUTLERS HAVE  
THEIR EYES ON THE  
SCANNER, BUT ADRIC  
IS WATCHING ROMANA  
AT THE CONSOLE)

ADRIC: You can't take off  
from inside a cave?

ROMANA: Not exactly. I'd  
explain, but I don't think  
even your maths is good  
enough.

KEARA: They're going.

ROMANA: What?

VARSH: It's true. The  
Marshmen are moving off.

TYLOS: They're backing out  
of the cave.

KEARA: They seem frightened  
of something.

ADRIC: (TO ROMANA) What  
did you do?

ROMANA: Nothing, yet. That's  
odd.

TYLOS: They've gone. Let's  
get out of here.

KEARA: Yes, open the doors.

ROMANA: Well, if you're  
sure.

(SHE LOOKS AT THE  
SCANNER. THE CAVE  
CERTAINLY SEEMS  
EMPTY.

SHE PULLS THE DOOR  
OPERATING LEVER)



16. INT. THE CAVE. DAY.

(THE TARDIS STANDS  
IN THE MIDDLE OF  
THE APPARENTLY  
DESERTED CAVE.

THE OUTLERS ARE  
PEERING THROUGH  
THE OPEN DOOR,  
LOOKING CAUTIOUSLY  
AROUND THE CAVE.

TYLOS IS THE FIRST  
TO STEP OUT,  
HOLDING HIS KNIFE  
AT THE READY.

VARSH FOLLOWS.

KEARA IS THE FIRST  
TO SEE IT. SHE  
POINTS IN HORROR  
TOWARD THE SMALL  
PILE OF RIVERFRUITS.

ROMANA APPEARS AT  
THE DOOR)

ROMANA: So that's what  
frightened the Marshmen  
off.

(ONE OF THE RIVER-  
FRUITS HAS CRACKED  
OPEN, AND A SPIDER  
ALMOST AS LARGE AS  
THE FRUIT IS EMERGING.

ROMANA STEPS OUT OF  
THE TARDIS AND  
APPROACHES THE  
CREATURE CAUTIOUSLY.

THE OTHERS HANG BACK.

SUDDENLY KEARA  
SCREAMS)

TYROS: More of them...look!

(OTHER SPIDERS SCUTTLE  
ACROSS THE CAVE  
FLOOR TOWARDS THE  
OUTLERS)

17. INT. THE TARDIS CONTROL ROOM.  
DAY.

(THE OUTLERS  
RUN BACK INTO  
THE TARDIS)

KEARA: (PANICKING) The door.  
Shut the door.

(TYROS GRABS AT  
THE LEVER)

18. INT. THE CAVE. DAY.

(ROMANA TURNS FROM  
THE SPIDER, HEARING  
THE TARDIS DOORS  
SHUT)

ROMANA: Oh, no!

(AND THEN SHE SEES  
THE OTHER SPIDERS)



19. INT. THE TARDIS CONTROL ROOM.  
DAY.

ADRIC: What are you doing?  
Romana's out there. Open  
the door.

(HE GRABS AT  
THE LEVER.

NOTHING HAPPENS.

ADRIC LOOKS AT  
THE LEVER)

ADRIC: I think I've pulled  
the wrong lever.

20. INT. THE CAVE. DAY.

(ROMANA IS BACKING  
AWAY FROM THE  
SPIDERS TOWARDS  
THE TARDIS.

AS SHE COMES UP  
AGAINST THE TARDIS  
DOOR,...

THE TARDIS DE-  
MATERIALISES.

ROMANA LOOKS ROUND  
IN HORROR. THE  
CAVE IS EMPTY.

SHE LOOKS ROUND  
FOR A WEAPON, AND  
SEIZES THE NEAREST  
THING TO HAND -  
ONE OF THE  
RIVERFRUITS.

IT CRACKS OPEN IN  
HER HAND, AND THE  
EMERGING SPIDER  
JUMPS ONTO HER  
FACE.

SHE THROWS IT TO  
THE GROUND, BUT  
WE CAN SEE THAT  
IT HAS BITTEN HER.

WHITE-FACED, SHE  
SINKS TO THE  
GROUND.

THE SPIDERS SCUTTLE  
TOWARDS HER)

TELECINE 5

SUPOSE CAM

Closing  
Titles.

END TELECINE 5

FADE OUT